

1023
1029 O Street
Lincoln, Nebraska

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M

broideries.

Something more than advertising will bring the crowds to our store next week. The centre of attraction will be an exquisite line of Embroideries. You will find rare bargains at this counter in entirely new and up-to-date Embroideries. Don't wait, thinking perhaps you may get them cheaper, you'll never do it, for the prices have been cut down to the lowest possible notch. After the stock has been inspected you will see we have spoken

The Truth,

The Whole Truth,

And Nothing But the Truth

The Embroideries are of the finest Cambrie, Nainsook and Swiss. The patterns are in open and closed work. The widths in the following prices are from an inch and a-half to eight inches:

7 1-2 cents, 10 cents, 12 1-2 cents, 20 cents.

LACES

An elegant line of Laces has just been placed in stock, nothing to equal it has ever been seen in Lincoln before. The new shades of Buerre, French Grey and Champagne are found in the most exquisite and elaborate patterns. The laces that are in great favor are: Oriental, Net Top, Guipure, Point De Arabe, Applique in Cream, White and Butter Color, Black and Cream White Chantilla, Point De Paris and New Valenceines. The range in width is great. Mail orders receive Special Attention.

FITZGERALD DRY GOODS CO.,

1023 to 1029 O Street, Lincoln, Neb.

The Harvest is the End of the World.

Scorn thou nothing; World's evil and good
Must grow together, as trees in the wood;
For, as we together, are evil and good,
And, understood,
Which is the evil or which the good?

Under the sun, in the summer weather,
In the mould of earth grow, close together,
Herbs of grace and weeds of bane
To harvest-home, nor grow in vain;
With the wheat, poppies, flaunting weed,
Yet daily filling a human need;
In the wheat is strength, in the poppy rest,
So each is well, yea, each is best.

Let grow together then, as they may,
Not thine to judge—not thine to say,
Where best and truest is at best:
God is the judge, and that is best.

—IDYLL.

Monty's Scoop.

Montgomery's acquaintance with the newspaper woman dated from a cold wet evening in that season of the year which, without being either winter or spring, possesses the disagreeable features of both.

Montgomery was sitting in the hallway of a deserted building as she came up. He was crying softly. The newspaper woman stopped.

"What's the matter, my boy?" she asked.

"None of yer business!" responded Montgomery, promptly.

"But you're crying," she persisted, amused.

"Free country, ain't it?" was the boy's answer.

The newspaper woman walked on a few steps; then she turned back.

"Say," she said, "I haven't any friends either. Come on and go to supper with me. I don't like to be alone."

Montgomery wavered.

"Come on," said the newspaper woman.

Montgomery went.

After supper Montgomery escorted her to the door of the newspaper office where she was employed. From that day they were fast friends.

He fell into the habit of loitering near the office door at the time of day when Miss Dodge would be coming down. When they met she would say:—

"Hello, Montgomery! How's your end of the profession?"

And Montgomery, swelling with pride at being thus included in the limit of journalism, responded.

"Out o'sight. How's yours?"

Miss Dodge had designs on Montgomery. She meant to civilize him. She invited him to call on her precious leisure Sunday, once a fortnight. The boy, however, refused.

"Downtown it's all in the peresh," he exclaimed, "an' it's all right; but up to your place it's sassiety, an' I ain't in it, see?"

It was early in the winter. The newspaper woman was rushed to death. She rode home on the very last car, and the three blocks from the car line to her house had more terrors for her than she would have confessed. There were two nights when she felt that someone was following her. Terror lent wings to her feet. The next night a backward glance showed her a figure following her again, shrinking along in the shadow of the trees. It showed her, too, a familiar something in the figure's walk. She stopped abruptly.

"Montgomery," she called, "come out from behind that tree!"

For a moment there was no response. Then Montgomery slouched into sight

and came shamefacedly to her.

"You see," he said, "it's awful for a lady to be out alone, an' I thought—I thought—"

Then a remarkable thing happened. The newspaper woman stopped, gave him a tremendous hug and kissed him square on his freckled cheek. It made him feel uncomfortable, but somehow he was glad afterward to remember it.

It was a busy winter, socially and politically. There was news, and important news, too, on foot.

There were rumors of an insult to the flag in foreign waters, though no one could say that the thing had really happened, nor what would be the outcome of it.

It was late in the evening of a day that had been exasperatingly barren of developments. Montgomery was on his way home. As he passed the White House two men came out of the gate. Their coats almost brushed the boy, but they did not see him. They stopped while the elder lighted his cigar. Montgomery heard the words:—

"The president approves your course, then?"

"Ultimately, I think he will. We demand an absolute apology, or—well, we'll forge one."

"If he does not approve it, what then?" The man had moved on, but Montgomery had caught the word "resign."

In a flash he thought of miss Dodge. He stood still awhile and repeated the words softly to himself:—

"Absolute apology—force one—resign."

He recognized the speaker dimly. Where had he seen him before? It flashed over him in a moment. It was the Secretary of State!

It was nearly midnight. He must get it to the newspaper woman before she went home. He bent his head and dashed down the street. It was a "beat," the biggest one of the season, and she should have it. He flashed past corners blindly. Far down the streets he could see the office lights. He must get there before she went home. Two blocks away—a block away—half a block away. He was crossing the last street. Somebody yelled at him. He could not spare the time to pause. There was a ring of hoofs, a shout from somebody, a whirl of lights, and Montgomery was flung to the pavement, dazed and bleeding. Somebody ran to help him, but he was on his feet again.

"Don't stop me, don't stop me," he said, dizzily; "lemme go, for God's sake!"

Somebody tried to stop him, but he stumpled on. The office lights were shining in his eyes, and he knew he had beaten the town.

And that is how it happened that a few hours later, when the last line of copy was in, and the news that should make tomorrow's paper the sensation of the world had already had its startling headlines scanned by the proof reader, that a small boy with a pale face and a bandage about his head sat at a banquet fitter than he had ever dreamed of. It was laid in the city editor's room, and the managing editor himself was present. He shook the boy's hand and thanked him, and the city editor slapped him on the back.

But the very proudest moment of all was when the newspaper woman leaned over him and said:—

"Montgomery, you are a credit to the profession."

He was afraid she was going to kiss him again, but she didn't.—Washington Post.